CREAM OF THE MAILS.

A BARK ON THE SEA.

ODE TO A FISH WORM.

UNCERTAINTY, BY JOHN MORAN,

All ye who dwell beside the sea, And hear its inarticulate speech, That no one soul may wholly reach Nor one ear compass utterly,

sense, May touch another's with intense

As myriad streams conjoin to cast The murmurs of all times and lands, On countless alien sea-washed strands, And altogether blend at last,

So those who different ways have trod, Of thought and speech, of frost and fire, May, at the end of all desire, Come to the Silence known for God.

The sea abides, not calm or storm,
The truth, and not the outwarm form—
But still the old uncertainty.

And if two souls should haply come
To where His oracles enscone,
Would Love accord them some response,
Or be to all their questioning dumb?

A STORY OF THE GAMING TABLE.

It was the croupier's hoarse cry, again and again reiterated, only diversified with that of "Red loses!" which broke the stillness in the superbly appointed room at Hamburg, with the gaming table in its center, round which were gathered its eager votaries, behind whom were the scarcely less interested groups

"Come away, my dear," said a very lovely woman among the spectators, in a whisper to her husband. "I am sorry that we came. This is no place for Pearl," indicating with a nod of the head as she spoke, an exquisitely beautiful girl, scarcely more than a child, of some twelve or thirteen summers, who stood

"Come, Pearl," the father said.
But the girl stood entranced, her eyes fixed upon a man's face seated at the furthest end of the table. It was a strikingly handsome face, even when wearing as it now did, the expression of calm born of desperation. No tinge of color was either in cheek or lip.

His eyes shone with a strange and

hard glitter, and were fixed upon the balls as they were swung round, as though on the color uppermost hung his

hope of life or death. And so it was. He had sat down pos sessed of a fortune; he arose a beggar! Fate had steadily pursued him with mocking hopelessness, until he had placed his last stake, only to see it mer-

cilessly swept from him. He half rose from the table. What more was to be done save to go out somewhere into the still night air and send a bullet through his heart or brain. It was at this moment the girl, with flushed cheeks and half-parted lips,

darted up to his side.
"Take this," she pleaded, "for my sake," and pressed a gold piece into his

cold hand He turned. To his excited imagination she seemed scarcely mortal in her pure, childlike loveliness. His first im-pulse was to return her offering—he was not yet an alms-taker-but again rang out the croupier's cry of command

place the stakes.

The child stood breathless in her eager expectancy, her eyes burning with fe

A sudden impulse overmastered him. Without speaking a word he placed the

The next minute a small pile of geld was at his elbow. He staked it all again. Again he won. A bright spot of scarle replaced the palor in his check, which spread and deepened as Dame Fortune, who had so persistently frowned upon him, now reserved for him only her

Morning was breaking when he arose from the tables, no longer a desperate man, but with his fortune threefold restored to him.

After his first winning he had turned to restore to the child her offering, but she had vanished. Should he ever find her—ever repay the debt? He knew not; bet standing at last under the clearblue sky, with a great weight lifted from his heart and brain, Harold Clayton yowed that it should be his life search, but that the lesson taught him should never be forgotten, and the gaming table

should know him nevermore. Six years passed, and Harold Clayton was winning name and fame in his own land in his profession as an artist.

Standing one night in a crowded as sembly, someone in passing touched bim lightly on the arm with her fan, and glancing round he met the smiling face of his hostess. "Come," she said, "I want to present

you to my belle. It you can prevail upon her to give you a sitting, and transfer her coloring to canvas, you will ren-der yourself immortal."
"Is she, then, so beautiful?" he ques-

"Judge for yourself," she lightly rejoined, leading him to a little group do-ing homage to the fair girl in its center. "Miss Rayourn-Mr, Clayton," were the formal words of the introduction, as Harold bowed an acknowledgement before the woman whom his artistic eye

confessed the most beautiful that in all his wanderings he had met. Before the evening was ended he might have added, the first woman whom he had ever loved, since she had awakened in him an interest as new as

it was strange. Through the next week her face haunted him. Then they met again, and the charm grew and deepened. He could not define it; away from Miss Rayburn he was restless and uneasy, until ret. The child will never know he again found bimself within the scope work, but I am not afraid to meet

of her facination. Yet her nature remained an enigma to him. Although so young in years, so beautiful in form and eature she seemed cold even to haughtiness, reticent almost

It was as though some exquisite marble statue had risen in his pathway, which

might some day warm into life.

She welcomed him whenever they met with a manner which, while it gave him no cause for complaint, yet chilled the hope springing within his breast.

One day, on going to her home, servant met him at the door with the announcement that she was very ill. This knowledge brought other knowledgethe fact that he could no longer conceal from himself that he loved her, and that on the hope of his winning her hung his

He went back to his studio, wretched and despairing, and seated himself at He had not meant to paint her face—his brain seemed unconcious of his fingers' toil—yet, when the morning broke, it was her features smiling now beat as one.

upon him from the canvas, and he re-membered the words his hostess kad uttered on the night he first had met her-that thus should he render himself

He grew pale and wan in the days of anxious suspence, when those who watched over her couch knew not which would conquer, the angel of life or death. But there came an hour, never to be forgotten, when he was admitted into her presence.

She was very white and fragile, but more beautiful than in the coloring of perfect health. A new expression, too, was in the violet eyes raised to welcome

"I am very glad to meet you again," she said gently. "I hear you have been anxious about me. You are very kind."
Then the words he had not meant to

speak burst from his lips.
"Anxious?" he said. "Can a man,
Miss Rayburn, perishing of hunger, hear
of the tamine without a shudder? I am of the lamine without a snudger. I am presumptuous, you will say. It is true. What is my life, with its many settled pages into which your eyes could never look, that I should dare offer it to you? And yet, purified by your love, I would try to make it more worthy. Tell me-answer me! If I serve as Jacob served for Rachel, is there hope that I may win you? My darling! my darling! I love you! I cannot live my life without you! Will you not share it?"

Lower and lower dropped the lids until the long, dark lashes swept the mar-ble cheek, when the sweet mouth trembled; but the momentary weakness pass

ed as she spoke:

"Forget all that you have said, Mr.
Clayton. It can never be."

"You do not love me?" he questioned

sadly.

Again that swift expression of pain flitted across the lovely face.

"I shall never marry," she answered. "but," and in her voice crept an almost pleading tone, "I need my friends very much, Mr. Clayton. Do not desert

"I can not," he replied. "To desert you would be to desert the hope of one day forcing you to unsay those cruel words—the hope which will go with me

to my grave.' What was the barrier between them? This was the question ever ringing in Harold Clayton's ears. As she looked when she pronounced his doom, so he had fancied she might have looked

when the statue warmed into life.
Since then she had been colder, more listant than before; but he had caught the momentary expression, and transferred it to the picture on which his every leisure moment was spent.

He was thus engrossed one morning, ever striving to add new beauty to his almost perfect work when a low knock

almost perfect work, when a low knock at the door aroused him.

"Come in," he called, and then he bent anew to his task, without so much as raising his head, until a low, laughing

"We were caught in the shower, Mr. Clayton, and I persuaded Margaret to seek shelter with me here. I did not dream she would find herself fore-

It was Mrs. Somers who spoke—the Rayburn-whose instructiont be had, unknown to her, carried out.

"Margaret," she added, turning to her friend, "you have been sitting for your portrait, and did not let me know. Why ave you kept it such a secret?" He had now sprung to his feet in time to see the rosy tide spread over Marga-

ret Rayburn's face.
"It is a liberty I took without Miss
Rayburn's knowledge, Mrs. Somers," he
explained. "I assure you I have never

been so fortunate as to secure a sitting. "Well. you shall have one now, and you must thank me for it," she rejoined, while Margaret turned away to examine the sketches and studies lying about in profuse confusion.

"Here are some sketches taken while I was studying abroad," said Harold. "Will you amuse yourself by looking at them?" "I will return in a few moments," in-

terrupted Mrs. Somers. "Wait for me, my dear." A word of expostulation rose to Mar-

garet's lips, but too late. The door had closed behind the speaker.

Silence fell between the two thus left behind, when a loud cry arrested Harold's attention. He sprang to Miss Rayburn's side.

Her eyes were fixed upon a little sketch she held in her hand. It represented a a gambling table, at one end of which sat a man, hazgard, desperate, despair-ing, and by him a child, holding out to him a single gold-piece, with a smile in her eyes, and seemingly a prayer on her

"You would know the history of that

picture," he said. "Let me tell you: Years ago I was in Hamburg. The gaming tables attracted me, and every night found me beside them, losing or win-ning, according to the fortune of the hour. One evening the demon ill-luck pursued me. I lost and lost until I found I was beggared. Maddened, des-perate, I resolved to pu' an end to my miserable life, when some one touched my shoulder; a child-angel stood before my shoulder; a child-angel stood before me and slipped into my hand a piece of gold. 'For my sake!' she whispered. The croupier's hoarse call warned me no time was to be lost. I staked the gold and won, but turning to give her back her own she had fied. When I rose from the table I had recovered all and more but I would be stood to be should be shed and recovered all and more but I would be shed to be shed to be shed and recovered all and more but I would be shed to be more, but I vowed a vow to my unknown deliverer that I would never again haz-ard a dollar of the fortune I considered hers. I have never found her, Margawork, but I am not afraid to meet her,

for I have kept my pledge." "Harold!" it was almost a whisper. but something in the tone made his heart give a wild, joyous leap—"have I known you all this time, and have you just found me out? It was this, Harold, which separated us. I dared not give my life to a man whom I had first known as a gambler. I supposed you still played, and I thought that to see again the expression on your face I had seen that night would kill me. Tell me, is it

true? Have you never touched a card "Never!" he answered, solemnly. And it is to you I owe it—it and life. Pearl—little Pearl, can you not trust the man who has been so long taithful to the child to be still faithful to the woman? My own, you will not doom the life you

But at this juncture Mrs. Somers, opening the door, beat a precipitate retreat to re-enter at a more opportune time. The explanation was complete, the rest need not be told. Two hearts JESSE JAMES' JOKE.

"Charge Three More Suppers to the Go

Globe-Democrat. The Pullman sleeping-car passenger who arrived in this city yesterday morn ing by the Kansas City passenger train over the Chicago and Alton road had an interesting experience, and one that created no little alarm in their midst, a few miles this side of Kansas City, as they were en route here nesday night. It was learned by a Globe-Democrat reporter, from one of the train men, that the notorious Jesse James and two of his gang had been part of the human freight for a short distance, and had impressed their fellow-passengers with their bravado and importance in a with their bravado and importance in a manner that would not readily be forgotten, at least by the timid and peace-loving ones in the number. The railway officials knew nothing of the affair whatever, and from the passengers the particulars of the sensation were gleaned. The first one found was Mr. J. D. Woodworth a well-to-do lumber and hardworth, a well-to-do lumber and hard-ware dealer, of Garnett, Kansas, who was registered at the Planters' House. He had just come in from Kansas City, and corroborated the statement made by the train hand as to the presence of the James gang on the train.

Mr. Woodworth said:
"We left the Kansas City Union Depot we left the Rabsas City Union Depot last night shortly after dusk, with a pret-ty full train. I had a birth in the rear sleeper, and passed through the cars back to that birth, and did not go for-ward again after we left the Grand Avenue depot. As the train was pulling out from that depot three men entered the sleeper, and stood just within the door for several minutes. They did not seem at home, but, on the contrary, ill at ease, and appeared to be on the alert for some important development. They were all decently dressed, and one, who appeared to be the leader, held a revolver by his side, partially concealed by the folds of his overcoat. I thought they might be officers of the law awaiting the coming through of some criminal, and not wishing to offend, turned my gaze in another direction. About ten minutes elapsed ere they left their position by the door, and the leader research in the control of t marking something about supper, the trio passed on through the sleeper and into the dining-room car, the last car of the train. Supper was shortly announced and several of the sleeping-car passen-gers and myself went back to partake of the meal.

The waiters were flying around as if their lives depended on their alertness and strict attention to duty, and then down at the rear I saw the three men who had acted so strangely in the sleep-er. They were seated at a table, eating and on the table rested three murderouslooking large revolvers at full cock. The man in charge came up to me, and said, in a low voice, not to express any sur-prise at what I saw, as the strangers were the notorious Jesse James and two of his men. If let alone they would harm no one, but if an attempt at their capture was made some one would assuredly get

This injunction was cautiously repeated to the other half dozen persons silence, and casting occasional glances at our celebrated companions. The leader who tallied exactly with the description given of Jesse James, exhibited the ut-most sang froid. He laughed and chatted in a rather boisterous manner with his companions, but apparently closely observing everything and every one in the car at the same time. The subject of their conversation was lost to me, but it seemed to amuse them hugely. At the completion of the meal, the leader cooly picked his teeth, and as the engine whistled for Odessa they all three arose picked up their revolvers and walked out on the rear platform. Nothing was said as to payment for the suppers by the employes, but as James (if the leader was he) closed the door, doffed his hat by way of a partial salute, and cried out in a clear, ringing voice, "Charge three more suppers to the Government!"

A Mr. Wild, from Springfield, Mo., another one of the passengers, bore out the statement made by Mr Woodworth, and stated that the two men accompanying the leader were unknown to him, the leader was none other than the notorious guerrilla and train-robber. Jesse James. He had encountered him on numerous occasions, and could not be mistaken as to his identity.

The probabilities are that Jesse James and his companions are either planning some bold raid, and revealed themselves on Wednesday night in the above man uer so that, when the job is completed, at a point removed to Kansas City, suspicion will be allayed as to their complicity, or, through a sheer spirit of oraggadocio, wishing to run down a few miles over the line, adopted that method of introducing themselves to their fellow- passengers.

Extravagance. New York Times. The luxury of the present day as far exceeds the luxury of 1866 as the arts

which minister to the senses have gone far beyond the invention and ingenuity of that time. Never in the history of this republic has wealth been able to procure such an infinite variety of matter to please the eye, adorn the person, and tickle the palate as now. The newly-rich man, who could have spread his table in 1866 as a rich man can spread his in 1880, would have so far out-shone all his comrades that they would have been ready to die with envy. The devices now employed for the display of wealth were utterly unknown ten years ago. "The newest thing" in what we may call social art sets the town agog only for a day. To-morrow brings a fresher and more costly invention to spur the jaded fancy. The trades that live on the extravagant whims and the vanity of men and women thrive apace Professional caterers say that there never has been a season in New York in which so many costly dinners and simiwhich so many costly dishers and similar entertainments have taken place as that which has just now passed. The customary old-fashioned dinner-party has given place to what is called a fete. The guests sit down to a table which is an elaborate work of art. The decorations and service are brought together from the four quarters of the globe, and, above all, they must be different from any thing ever seen or heard of before, There is a limit to eating and drinking, as well as to the variety of the provision. E. ery social "rounder" knows the everlasting and invariable recurrence of oysters, soup, fish, roast, entrees, sorbet and game. The changes are rung on these courses with needless multiplication and "damnable iteration," from call another a liar. That's to December to Easter, with scareely a and too cheap to give offense.

pause for the pretended fasts of Lent. But lack of novelty in the menu is made up by the produgality and gorgeousness of table adornments. The bill of fare is painted on satin, and each guest is provided with a souvenir of the festivity which takes the shape of a work of decorative art. In some instances, as if in despair of being able otherwise to octdo the latest extravagance, the guest is pre-sented with gay knickknacks, srtistic trifles, and even articles of jewelry. "Favors for the german" are made to puzzle the good sense of their recipients with bits of costly bijouterie, the accep-tance of which will make high-spirited people blush with mortification. Or at some festivity the host, amid other ex-cellent fooling, invests his company with growns robes stars and varters, making crowns, robes, stars and garters, making a little carnival of what might have been a pleasant social reunion. Ladies' lunc parties, or dejeuners as they are deli-cately called, are made to outvie the heavier feats of mere men, for the loveliest of God's creation refuses to be dis tanced in any possible extravagance Children's parties are quite as sumptu Children's parties are quite as sumptu-ous as those of the grown people. Though these may be held in the day time, they must be under an artificial light; and the tender darlings, who should be nourished on simple food, and should be nourished on simple food, and dressed in comfortable attire, are decked in silks and laces, bewiggled and becurled, diamoned, gloved and laced "within an inch of their lives." To these poor little butterflies will be fed the same sort of indigestible stuff which their elders regale themselves withal. When these wretched children are grown up, if they survive this cruelty, life will have been exhausted for them. They will squeeze the orange dry before they are out of leading strings.

leading strings.

Extravagance is always vulgarizing.

The tendency of the time in which sensuous pleasures dominate is inevitably downward in respect to manners, morals and real refinement. The painted, gild-ed, art-decorated and notoriety-seeking social extravagance of the present time has nothing to commend it but the plea that "it makes business for somebody that "it makes business for somebody, and keeps money in circulation." But the evil influence of such an unnatural condition of things far outweighs this doubtful good. Example leads to universal imitation. The millionaire who ostentatiously orders priceless Johannisberger at his club will be faithfully, though remotely, imitated by somebody who is very far from being a millionaire. He was a well-intentioned Crossus, who, hearing one of the interest downs propose hearing one of the jeunesse dorree propose a great piece of exravagance, promptly said: "I can not afford to join in it." But aside from the malign influence of example, the vulgar prodigality of the time is destroying all the finer graces of life. Ostentation and display are fatal to the social virtues. There can be no sweet home life, no sacred domesticity, no rational comfort, in a family which has once been invaded by the desire to shine, and outshine, in society. When the demon of social discontent comes in at the door of a brown-stone front, all the better angels of our nature fly out of the attic windows. The grace and beauty of life are gone forever.

Her Arms Around Him. The news of Mrs. Christiancy's statement about her husband has evidently traveled very rapidly to Peru, as the minister is already beginning to inundate departments with statements concerning his wife and how she are recogning to the statement of the statement cerning his wife, and how she came to leave Peru without aid from him. He says that when his wife came on to him in Peru she was under the protection of a Mr. George Haight, an American resident in Peru. Haight is a man of family. He took a fancy to Mrs. Christiancv and paid her a great deal of attention. The minister avers that Haight came too often to the legation, and that he was altogether too devoted to his wife. He acknowledges that he did have

a scene with his wife, but it was occa-sioned by his coming into his saloon one afternoon suddenly and finding his wife in Haight's arms. Another scene that he had with his wife was upon the dis-covery of a letter written to her by Dr. Victor Christianey, now in Leaven-worth, Kan., in which the doctor expressed himself more ardently than a stepson should. Mrs. Christiancy, in reply to this, says it is true Mr. Christian-cy charged her with being in Haight's arms, but that it only arose from his ex-treme jealousy. Haight was sitting talking with her in the legation parlor. They were at a round table. Mrs. Christiancy reached across his arm for a book, excusing herself as she did so. At this juncture the minister came in, and, as she says, the memorable knock-down scene took place. The Dr. Victor letter she admits; but as it also contains a ref-erence to the Chandler bargain and the money paid to Christiency, she does not think that letter will be brought forthink that letter will be brought for-ward very prominently in the case. That Dr. Victor professed a great ad-miration for her is true, but that she has ever encouraged him is denied. She says that her relations with Mr. Haight will bear the closest scrutiny. She com-plains that Minister Christiancy, when he sent for her to come to Peru, did not furnish her any traveling companion, not even a maid. A Spaniard on board the steamer annoyed her very much by his insolent attention, and Mr. Haight, a gentleman vouched for by the captain, was the means of protecting her

from the troublesome Spaniard. Minister Christiancy, at the end of the voyage, thanked Mr. Haight for what he had done, and cordially invited him to A Virtue of the Flea.

Chicago Tribune Sooner or later every creature finds a advocate. Now appears from Armenia a much-traveled Briton, by the name of Captain Creagh, and loudly sings the soothing, soporific virtue of the wicked flea. This astounding wanderer assures us, as of his personal experience, that in Armenia at least "the crawling of insects from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, is so lethargic, and, like the action of shampooing, so soothing to the limbs of the weary traveler, that the in-stant the fleas have covered his body in as great a multitude as the ants on an ant-heap, he, with a smile of satisfaction on his face, drops gently into profound and refreshing slumbers. An English Consul, after a long residence in Arme-nia, having retired to his native country on a pension, had become so accustomed to the fleas that he was unable to sleep without them, and his house-maid always carried a snuff-box full up-stairs and put them into his bed with the warning-pan."

It does little good for Congressman to call another a liar. That's too common

FOR THE LADIES. A new fabric for street costumes is shown in damask beige.

TURBANS are very much the fashion, both in bonnets and hats THREADS of green, yellow, blue, black and white make up the color called ser-

NEARLY all the Tuscan braid shown by the milliners is old, for very little was

Even the window shades are now embroidered, sometimes with flower designs and sometimes in simple cross-

Fawn Gold, Gold Fawn, Tea-rose Ecru-any shade under the sun-in the choicest of all spool siks, the "Unequaled Corticelli." LINEN collars and cuffs are being set aside for neck and wrist trimmings in

laces and soft goods of various kinds, black net among others. An effort is being made to revive the worn around the neck, but they are not likely to prove very popular.

shows a pearl or yellow white ground, with small bouquets in several colors.

The tendency is to return to the princess style of dress; this is seen in street suits. The costume is in one piece, and the drapery and platings are

THE new printed satin foulards, so much used for trimmings and for suits, in combination with plain satins and silks, have the same effect as hand painting.

THE prettiest button of the season of carved pearl coated with silver by some new process, and the play of color through the film of metal is exceedingly handsome.

Food for Animals. Visitors to the Zoological Garden have noticed down in the lower end of the grounds, a little to the right of the place where the polar bears are kept, a line of low, rambling buildings, built against the fence which separates the grounds, from a long strip of land lying between the gardens and the New York branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The last of these buildings is a good deal better than the rest, being a tall, close, frame spanty of pine boards and having a door in it. The others, smaller, more uneven and without any doors, are nothing more than mere sheds or stalls. Always in front of them will be seen a pile of clover hay, with half a dozen, more or less, sorry-looking horses, the sole occupants of the sheds, feeding thereon. An inspection of these animels will usually show a plethora of defect in the sheds of the sheds. fects in the way of damaged eyes or spavined joints or broken wind-gall, in the majority of instances being the regular accompaniments of old age, and being but another way of describing a horse broken down by weight of years and past his stage of usefulness. Occasionally younger animals may be seen in the stalls, but these are also suffering from some affliction of body or limb. and stand on the same footing as the

These horses, once they get under the above-described sheds, have all one common destiny—they are to be killed and dressed as food for the animals of the zoological garden. The amount of food consumed daily by the animals, large and small, is no little. The chief meat-eating animals are the lions, tigers, leopards, pumas and hyenas. Altogether they consume about 175 pounds of horse meat a day. Four horses a week is the usual average in keeping up the supply of these animals alone. Next in point of heavy feeding come the elephants. Their chief food is hay, of which it takes about four times as much to keep an elephant as it does to keep a horse, the elephant eating 100 pounds of hay every twenty-four hours. And in order to keep up his appitite the hay must be the best going, being invariably timothy of the best grades. Other animals that eat hay are the giraffes, the camels, the deer, zebra and different animals of the cattle species. Most all these are fed on what is known as mixed hay, timothy and clover, which is about 20 per cent. cheaper than the timothy alone. Two wagon loads a week is about the amount used. Each wagon load is supposed to contain 3,000 weight, or a tor and a half. The price for timothy is about \$20 per ton, which makes the three tons per week equal to \$60. mixed hay costs in the neighborhood of \$18 a ton, thus making the weekly cost of that necessary supply \$54, which added to \$60, gives the weekly cost of added to \$60, gives the weekly cost of hay alone in the sum of \$114. As to the cost of horse meat for the

other animals, this is not as much as might be imagined. The horses are usually purchased at the horse market by one of the employes at the gardens, who has all such wook in charge. The horses, as above stated, are usually animals which have been superannuated and useless. The average price paid per head is about \$5. As four horses per week suffice the cost for horse meat foots up about \$20 a week. The lions, tigers, leopards and pumas are not the only animals that are fed on horse meat. The wolves and foxes and prairie dogs and monkeys and black bears also come in for their share of the supplies, being ted almost altogether on this kind of meat. It is regarded as singular that these animals—lions, tigers and leopards
—should make no distinction between
horse meet and beef, albeit it is a point in favor of the pocketbooks of the porators of the gardens. For your years preceeding their discovery that the animals would eat horse meat as well as beef they kept feeding them on the lat-ter. Two years ago it was found that they would eat horse meat as well as that of beef, and provisions was made accordingly. Since then the society has been practicing judicious economy by feeding the animals on horse meat alto

gether and they save about 60 per cent. The cost of feeding the lions, tigers, leopards and pumas as stated is about \$20 a week. Add this to \$144, cost of larger animals, elephants giraffes and others, and the cost is \$164. This does not nearly represent all the animals in the garden, nor does it come near be-ing the chief item of cost. There are a hundred and one other creatures requiring, in many cases, much more delicate and costly food. The sea-lions have to be fed on fish usually fresh and to a Boston girl. and before they were salt mackrel, each animal taking twelve

diet is bread soaked in milk, with fish now and then for a change. The black bears are also given bread. 100 pound being used daily. Veritables of almost every sort are fed liberally to the different animals—cabbage, potatoes, carrots, onions and turnips. The elephants are great cabbage eaters, in addition to their standard diet, hay. The giraffes, sin-gularly enough, are great onion eaters, while the deer and goats and animals of the cow species eat carrots and turnips and potatoes. Bran and oats and corn are also liberally distributed-mostly once or twice a week—among the hay-eating animals. The most delicate and expensive feeder in the place perhaps is the ourang outang, which gets beef, po-tatoes, bread and honey. As there is only one in the collection at present, the cost of keeping this grinning satire in the human species is not multiplied. Another delicacy which must not be admitted in the diet of the Polar bear is fish oil, of which they get several sup-plies a week After the hay the oats is perhaps the next chief source of ex-pense in the way of animal food. As for the fowls, the larger ones are fed on corn, and the small ones are fed on canary seed, and all of them now and One of the most admired fabrics of lingerie used is the figure mull, which cost of feeding the animals alone foots cost of feeding the animals alone foots. up about \$100 a day. All the horses that go to supply the meat-eating animals are killed on the ground, in the slaughter house that stands at the lower end of the row of sheds in the lower part

The man who walks at night sees funny things. On Wednesday night, between 10 and 11 o'clock, while a factstater was cleaving the dimness of Walton street, his attention was attracted by a youthful couple who were walking at the frightful speed of fifteen minutes to the half square. While he was thinking how long they could keep up this pace without stopping, they stopped within the friendly shadow of a huge bill-board, and the young man clasped the young lady to his heaving bosom and kissed her. Then he looked up and down the street, as though expecting some one whom he sincerely ho would not come, and then suddenly membering that he had a previous gagement, he turned and embraced his companion in a long, laying and busi-ness-like manner, and then he kissed her. Somehow he seemed to feel that he had not made a complete success, and he kissed her agam. Then, as if displeased with his style of work, he repeated it in a sort of Emma Abbott way. This struck him as being quite the thirg, and he practiced it several times. After a while he stopped kissing the young lady and hugged her. And just here he displayed real genius. He was master of the art. He showed a pertect familiarity with every possible style. He clasped her gently, then he squeezed her rapturously, then he grabbed her violently—then he embraced her slowly and impressively—then he hugged her as if he had firmly resolved never to go into any other business as long as he lived, and then he thought he heard as if nothing in the world had happened. They turned into Broad street, and having joined their friends, the shadows, near Wilson's coal yard, they repeated the Walton street performance without any material change of programme. And then they strolled leisurly into Luckey street, between Forsyth and Broad, and in answer to an encore gave another performance of the same description. After this they passed into Forsyth street, and when they neared the first Baptist Church the idea occurred to the young man that he would give a farewell performance. They did so. Both seemed deeply affected, and the un een audience was almost moved "The 'appy 'ours a whey," chimed in to tears at the extremely touching sight. And then those happy nocturnal closer his teeth. to my bosom comes moved silently down Walton street, and the unseen audience

The Ex-Khedive's Troubles.

of one slowly dispersed.

The ex-Khedive of Egypt, who with nis harem is reciding at Resina, would do well to provide himself with an extra supply of patent locks, bull-dogs, broken bottles, cat teasers, and Ethopians with rolling eye-balls and curving scimetars. Not long ago one of the beauties of his harem eloped with a young Italian artist, and now a fair Circassian, Miss Nasık Missak, who is rising sixteen, has flown to a mansion opposite where lives a young gentleman "who," says the report, "had fallen in love with her from seeing her at the window and with whom pus. For instance: During the prefashe had managed to carry on a panto-tory remarks of the minister, let him mimic wooing. It seems that the young sit down on the unobstructed platform Resina to publish the notice of his intended marriage with the interesting young fugitive. But the authorities are much embarrassed by this request, for the Italian law demands that all strangers wishing to marry must produce ceruficate from the authorities of their native country that there exists no impediment, and as this young girl, now offering a chromo for each elopement or stimulating the export trade of wives and bayaderes by a liberal system bounties, is at least tipping the wink to the ferocious eunuchs whom he puts on guard and leaving the front door carefully unbolted at night. The charms of unlimited female society might cominfluence of Frankish fashion plates, and where, if the worst came to the worst, he could remove to another of his palaces or try the water-cure upon the obnoxious females in connection with a sack. But in Italy, with a fixed income, a comparatively narrow house and no possibility of extinguishing summarily the lights of his harem when they to flare up, it is so clearly to the ex-Khedive's interest to make reductions in the stock of spouses he is carrying that shall not be surprised to learn by and by that, with true Oriental cunning, he has been conniving at the elopements he pretends to condemn.

A Young New Yorker was introduced acquinted thirty minutes, she got so or fifteen to each meal twice a day, and consuming altogether 100 pounds of fish daily. Next in point of delicate livers come the Polar bears. Whose regular York by the midnight train.

RUSSELLVILLE, POPE COUNTY, ARKANSAS, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1880. Nuggets of Wit and Wisdom from Our —His bark is on the sea,
And from pain he'll soon be free,
Not much longer shall he chant his every-day Not much longer s...
whine,
His body's getting frail,
And thereon hangs a tail,
For he's bound for the happy land of canine.
Hackensack Republicat ODE TO A FISH WORM.

Unlucky creature! When the cruel hook Impales thee, ere I plunge thee in the brook, Thou canst not, by an agonizing yell, The fearful tor ures thou endurest tell. Thou canst not, by thy countenance, express Thy awful suffering and dire distress. This only in thy power to twist and squirm, But I can tell what that dost mean, O, worm! And shail all this pain infact on thee?

No; I'll s ow mercy— a! What do I see In yonder pool so deep? It is a trou!

A big three-pounder! I must have him out!

For what are you to such a prize, O worm?

Thy hour has come! Get on that ho. k! Don't squirm! squirm!
Ha! You resist me! 'Twill avail the naught
That trout still waits for thee. It must be caught— Oh, drat! I've dropped the worm, and too, by snum, That cussed hook I've baited with my thumb! Confour d the thing! I've lost that worm, and more,
The trout made off the minute that I swore,
-N. Y. World.

as to his samty and were evenly divided. After they had wrangled about it for a week it was discovered that they had examined the wrong person altogether .- Detroit Free Press. BARNUM SHOULD HAVE THEM.

It is now said that Cove. D. Bennet, lately acquitted in Jersey City of the murder of policeman Smith, will lecture. Mr. Barnum will miss the greatest op-portunity of his life it he does not get Bennet, Hayden, Jessie Raymond, Chas-tine Cox, and the Widow Oliver and attach them to his managerie as a "happy family." "There's"—several hundred dollars in it.—Unknown.

EVENLY DIVIDED.

Six medical experts examined a man

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

A short article going the rounds of the press is entitled "How to Cook a Husband." If he had a voice in the matter he would prefer to be "toasted"—at the club; but when he goes home and kicks up a family broil he ought to be "basted." A "chafed" husband is not desirable. Perhaps, after all, it would be best to pa boil him, for often pa boils with rage when he is obliged to meander with rage when he is obliged to meander up and down the chamber at midnight with a squalling infant in his arms-we've been told.—Norristown Herald.

WHAT THE PEOPLE DO.

A few take their religion home from church with them, but most people leave it wrapped, like the chairs and pictures in brown holland to be kept clean for their return at the end of the season. This is good for the religion, and is often as delicate as the feather in a lady's hat, and sea air takes the curl out of one, and hope correspondent and hoped worth. and hops, germans and board walks make the other very limp; so the wise woman leaveth her old clothes and religion in the fastness of her dwelling place, and going forth to the sea-shore she singeth and ducketh in the cool wa-ter and winketh at her spouse, or, if she be a maiden, she blinketh at the spouse of some one else, or smiletn on the un-wise young man who skippeth also among the jelly-fish of the ocean .-

Boston Transcript. -A ST. LOUIS QUARTET.

The magificent quartet—Crawford, Baker, Buskett and Field—who astonthat they took a stand on the top step of the Post Office and began the rehearsal

of a new piece. "Come where my love lies snoozing." sang the tenor, ejecting a quid of to-bacco from his lett cheek.

"Go 'way from dar!" shouted Beverly

Jackson, the colored janitor, from the uside. "No use hollerin'; de office won't open for half an hour." The quartet expect to go on a starring tour next summer, and will visit Lead-ville and the Gunnison Country by permission of the Vigilance Committ

Globe-Drmocrat. SOME SUGGESTIONS TO MINISTERS.

A circus never runs too long for spectators, but let a sermon run over forta minutes and a congregation can't sit still. —Detroit Free Press. Now we see no possible justification for a comparison here. Just give the pious party a chance, if you please, and then fasten your critical tenuacles on the congregation, you sacrilegious old literary octoman's affection is singere, for he has now applied to the municipal authorities of which he is to grasp with his hands, and then draw a leg over each shoulder, and we have him in a position known as the frog attitude. This will secure attention for five minutes, and as the discourse advances, he may unwind himself and stand erect, holding the left leg out horizontally and clasping the left foot in the hand. No minister, however, should at-tempt this feat unless he has every cononly sixteen years of age, was sold in fidence in his pants. When he has reCairo when a mere baby, no one knows to whom to apply." Who can be sure that the wily ex-Khediye, if not openly manœuvre with the right leg for the manœuvre with the right leg for the same period, and thus ten minutes are consumed, in which he has secured the wrapt attention of the congragation, and is prepared to get down to business. At this point he will resume his proper position, and whenever a passage is to be emphasized he will turn a backward unlimited female society might commend themselves to a despotic ruler in Egypt, where the inmates of the harem could be kept secluded and beyond the awaiting the impressive silence after his peroration to strike in, he may make a tour of the platform with backward These performances are hand-springs. merely suggested, of course, their adop-tion being advised only in the contincompetition with the circus, as our impious contemporary, we think gratuit-ously fore shadows.—Boston Transcript.

> to a fashionable artist for her portrait. He looked at her, and she looked at him and both were embarrassed. He spoke first: "Would your ladyship permit me, he said, "to take the portrait in profile? There is a certain shyness about one of your ladyship's eyes which is as difficult in art as it is fascinating in nature."

PRINCE BISMARCK bas been conquered at last, his old associates, beer and bacco, having turned out enemies, He has given up both.